LIFE IN THE SOUTH

Bill Nye in a Hotel Where the Cook Leaves Early.

COLD SPELL IN KENTUCKY

Roaming About at Night a Stranger In a Strange Land-William Sings and Holds so Audience.

Last evening we stopped at the Pompa-dour House. It is a good house, but at 9 o'clock the cook goes house, after looking up the doughnuts, and spends the night at his residence over beyond the hight ground. This makes it impracticable to get a good lunch at 11 o'clock at the

We have formed the habit of eating at hour, as we are not very hungry at 6, and at half past 10 we are quite fa-tigued with our dramatic and artistic tigned with our dramatic and artistic programme, so we have our houquets and floral horseshoes sent to the hotel and go out skirmishing for a late ten.

Last evening, the town being a small one with a college to it, we found the streets all dark, save here and there where the well light from some ribled.

where the soft light from some gilded but sinful lager beer place seemed to in-

Oh, it is a fearful thing to be on the streets of a town, a stranger and hingry, while all seems so dark and cold except Ah, think of it so you sit by your own warm fire with children clambering over your knee! Think of it you who ever been hungry, and yet you magnur at the rich warm pie!

ink of it you who have never gone forth in the darknessnot knowing where the next meal was coming from, while each door was locked and even the great figure of the clothing store statue taken inside where it is warm. Then the rich rays shoots out from the wicked lager beer place, where you know that light and warmth and a glad welcome await

It was suggested that we go in here and get a sausage and some attar of lim-berger cheese. "But, no," I said as I recalled the vivid description of John B. Grough and of the gay company saling toward Ningara falls and at last going over with an eternal plunge, "we will not go in there. If we take cheese now, we will some day want something stronger.

So we toiled on till at last we came to a confectionery place where six or eight mad revelers who had come from a distance by sleigh were eating oysters and caramels before going home. Half of these were girls who conversed all at the same time, and the other half were young men who laughed at what the girls said.

The saloon was used for ice cream in summer, and in winter canned oysters almost as large as lima beans are served with large circular pickles fresh from the brine—if one may use such a seem-ing paradox. You can also get a steak here for 15 cents. I took one of them. and when I got back to my room I repaired my trunk with it.

We had some crackers, too, that had been carefully looked over by other proplatill they were all powdery and seemed to have stood on the lunch counter all day for daws to peck at, as Shakespeare

The room was rich in decoration, with a battle piece at one side of the room painted by some unknown man and O K'd by the housefly in the summer time. The proprietor was a man who had been great scholar. He had always taken and read The Grate Fire Companion and was reading it when we came in. We spoke to him, and he looked at us with lased eyes, for be was still watching the Indians scalping some people who were on their way through Death valley for a



REPAIRISD THE TRUNK.

We looked in the showcase for quite awhile admiring though. There were all kinds of impersion to cardies in boxes. Some of the cardy was captured during

It was hard and had been felt of by peorle who have long since passed on to their reward.

The young people were gay and full of life. I like that, It makes me feel sometimes that again I set a young diot in a small way myself, at I used to be before I had better opportunities.

Earl was one of the young men. He was a young rome from the solons of Paris, Illa, about 19 years of ago, and centil pass tobacco, or organite smake, rather, entirely around through the inside of his boud and out at the nose without logaring the brain, nithough the good talker afterward and spoke fro-

every pleasure and only hoped as meet fucky up to the time of his death. with a dramatic death. He came very lowing act with his caseknife.

Karl simel to be considered a wild and willful man, who had, after all, a big, generous heart a man who could raise a munitarise and yet distained to do so, ants. We are one stewn and listered to him.

hand, where there were no house to hang elections on, but a large finned burberdy a sociable or a political convention, and on the wall, caught in a natural conweb. a pink ten on the Rue St. Hopers in

encountries encountry evenings lacely, I comes. and at one place we feared that there. He is certainly a very interesting man. would be a terrible stampeds, for the He writers good deal for The Kentuckian, house was full and the one exit narrow besides interviewing all the great men and down a winding stairway. I have who pass through the city. His memory

always said that the exit should be more ample where we speak, but I cannot seem to get any one to listen to it.

Women fainted, for the rumors were that the fire was in the store below, at the academy and at the depot. The engine house was across the street, and the firemen made occasiderable noise, many of these bears in the audience, many of them being in the audience when the

larm was given.

A panic was well started, and crazmen stood up on the seats and yelled while the ladies wrung their hands, but showed more sense than the men. One stranger arranged his overcoat so that it resembled a fainting woman and politely passed through the crowd "to save the ife of one who was dear to him." When he got out, he put on his overcont and asked to have his money back.



It was a terrible scene and one long to be remembered. The crowd surged toward the door, and little children cried as they were trampled and crushed. It was then that I came upon the stage, and kicking aside the heliotropes and

tuberoses with which the stage had been showered on my former appearance and tossing back my hair I burst forth into

I sang "Oh, Bury Me Not In the Deep, Deep Sea" till there was breathless silence, and people came back to their seats in wonder and amazement. Even the fire company came back and listened to it while the fire went out.

It is a wonderful gift to be able thus to appeal to the hearts of humanity and people forget other horrors by callng them to confront a greater one.

Last month we visited Kentucky for a short time. It was during the cold spell which surprised and astonished one and all. The Kentucky hotels are not made generally for Siberian weather, and we got very little blubber on the bill of fare. out every landlord did the best he could. It is not possible, though, to warm a large, airy room in such weather with a little watch pocket grateful of coal. You might as well fire a bettle of koumiss into the heart of a snowman and expect to get up a healthy glow.

Our entire troop and the business manager slept in the same room at a hotel in. West Virginia, and at 2:55 a. m. we arose, picked out our different clothes, put them on and walked across the Kanawha river on an elevated iron bridge. Oh, how cold it was! The wind cut "Shall I perish here alone?" I asked myself, but could get no reply, only a low moan. The moon came out, but seemed

to retire that it might not see my suffer-Frost formed on my speciacles so that I could not see. Now and then I could see the light of a happy home where the husband had just returned from his work at that early hour staggering, for he was trying to support a jag instead of those who loved him. Then frost would obscure my vision as my

breath lit on my glasses. "My patience!" I exclaimed with an agonized shrick, "must I freeze here in the south and be found here by strangers?"

ored men, who were fully the equals of snake in the spring.
the white man in intellect—if you will let "Well, it come commencin day, an me pick the white man-were slumberslumbered like a croupy elephant. His shirt was open, and 1 could see his dark throat where it fastened on his massive trunk. I could also see his trunk.

He had a home near by, but he would not go to it. He had been told many times to go there, but he still loafed and slept in the waiting room. Now and colored man's trunk. It did not crack the snow. When he woke up he would get on his feet, let the snow fall out at

glad to hear from those who want a good it over, I guess twas partial payment, home and who belong to an entirely dif- an you've begun all right."

ferent sex. and Citizen, published in Paris, Bourbon no more on himself, Lem didn't, and that county, Ky. He does not tell his age, teacher he were just a eyeopener ter the but is very active indeed, though he re- whole town."-Youth's Companion. members very well about Daniel Boone and has often been in swimming with

Colonel Craddock showed me where Henry Clay made, as an awkward boy, his first speech, it being on "Emancipaspeech was on this subject. Clay was a

flavor of the smoke was somewhat im- quently, turning many away sometimes. Everything to said was with the air of hand speaker, but used to kill Indiana Siftings. one who had seen all of life, had tasted in defiance of the game laws of Ken-

Colonel Craddock is chiefly noted as near it, too, while doing a sword awain being the first man to welcome Columbus on his arrival in this country and to suggest the possibility of bringing dagoes to New York for the purpose of supplying policemen with freshly roasted pea-

So he is identified with much of the Then we went home to our pour at the history of our country, and yet seems to be almost in his prime. He never misses An alagus of fire broke out in the sodi- Paris never becomes aproarious till he

is said to weigh four ounces more than

If happily wedded, I see no reason why he should not make some woman a happy wife. He does not object to youth and inexperience. He has enough himself for both and is a large cyclopedia in a revolving chair. Colonel Craddock knows as much as

ught I knew when I was 30 years old, and I can say no more than that. He told me about a Cincinnati man who bought a high bred horse recently

with a pedigree that went back to a tenta that Noah used to drive when he was doing his hauling from the sawntil to the dock where he was building his

By and by the Cincinnati man felt un able to keep such a valuable horse and offered him for sale to a Kentuckian who knew the herdbook.

The Cincipresti man produced his pedigree, which was as follows: Bay burse Blue Grass, fealed in 1887, sire Black Sampson, dam Young Phyllis; Black Sampson, dam Frankflate, dam Lady Waxie: Young Phyllis, by Blue Jeans, dam Mattie J. Mattie J, by Cyclone Wilkes, dam Miss Tormentor; Miss Tor-mentor, by Tuscarora II, dam Ada V; enatplate, by Frank, dam Jellico; Jellico, by Bucephalus, dam Princour; Bucephalus, by Sir William, dam Eulalia. The Cincinnati man said, "We will go

around and see the horse," and they did so. The Kentuckian shook his head. "Your horse has a strain of vulgar blood," he said. "Notice he eats like a borse that has lived and lunched out of a nosebag like a cab horse. He has no ent. I can pick out a horse that has had good parents and been brough up tenderly. That horse has been belted around the stall with the back of a currycomb, and he is a jay horse."

Well, he is not, begging your pardon He only needs to point to his pedigree, which I bought him on largely. Read it, and you will find no break in the title. I bought him of a Kentuckian who knows

This Kentuckian glanced over the pedigree and said: "There is something singular about this pedigree. I know all these names; but, you see, Black Sampson when he was alive was a jackass. Of course we cannot tell where he went when he died. This is no time to raise theological questions and get the whole presbytery after you.

"Young Phyllis was a Shorthorn cow. Breastplate was a Shorthorn bull. Lady Waxy was a saddle horse. Mattie J is a pacing mare. Tuscarora II is a gray mule down on Four Mile. Ada V is a steamboat on the Kentucky river. Frank is a yellow dog in Simpson's livery stable, and Jellico is an old mare mule that runs extra on one of Brown's coal carta." In the language of the poet:

It is not all of life to live.

BEATEN. A Teacher Who Was an Eye Opener to the

Whole Town. "You don't want to brag too heavy bout your muscles, my boys," said Uncle Lisha Todd to a group who were testing their strength in front of his store. "You can't tell nothin bout what a man's made from a catamount's hapwl how much damage he'll do." The boys did not gainsay the truth of this assertion, and the old man continued:

"Now, Lem Cole, he was given to I was so cold that the vertebra of my thinkin uncommon high of Lem Cole's nose cracked when I tried to rub it into strength till be learned himself more thorough." The boys dropped down upon the steps in happy expectancy, for

they knew a story was coming. "There was a schoolmaster come here a good spell back to teach up there to that little red institution of learnin in the holler. He were a mild, slim, hungry lookin chap, an when he landed off from the stagecoach Lem sighted him an de cided ter 'tend the fall term. He 'lowed ter the boys he could pick up the master and snap him between his thumb an The train was an hour late. Eight col- finger, same's you would a little green

the teacher called 'em ter order an made ing in the waiting room. One of them a little gentle speech to em fore he begun. Then he up an asked Lem, bein he was the oldest an biggest, where they left off in figures in the spring.

"Lem, he got up kinder slow an says, 'We were a studyin subtraction of fractions, an our teacher, bein only jest a little, small part of a man, we subtracted him outen the winder. There was aught then the agent would go out and get a an one ter carry, an I guess we'll go right coal scoop full of snow and put it in the on from there, an so sayin he up an picked up the schoolmaster an started fur the winder.

"Now, the master hed college learning the lower end of his trousers legs, and an he fit scientific, an fore Lem knowed then be would seek much needed rest. A it he was in the woodbox an the cover healthy colored man is not easily irrishet down. There was cracks enough tated. The agent did this several times, ter keep 'im from smotherin, an the but the man did not say anything even teacher kep' him there three hours.

when he went to sleep with his mouth
ajar and kind friends put an kicle in it.
At Paris, Ky, we found Colonel Cradeubtraction? And Lem he answered up dock. He is unmarried, but would be mighty perlite an says, Come ter think

'An after that he were the stidiest boy He is the editor of The Kentuckian in the whole school. He never boasted

There was a large boiler of scalding water over a fire in the yard and several black imps playing near it. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard from inside the

"You, George Washington, keep sway from dat ar b'iler. D'rectly you is gwine ter upset de b'iler and scald yerself ter def, an w'en you is you'll be de fust one Daniel Boone was not so good an off- to say, Twasn't me, mammy." - Texas

Truly a Modest Maid.

I want no duke nor honored earl. No brave and comely knight; I want a man who'll tend the store. And the kitchen fires light.

I want no daring warrier Peters whose a word men talk I want a timed little man Who'll answer to my call. I want no heelly banker With wealth on land and sear I want a man whose heardings

Shell in my keeping be. I want ne handaume, brilliant mar. Whose glates the heart one hurs I want a man so budy. That none will with him fire.

I want a man of learning.
Of the mental, rast and high;
I want a man who knows and feels
He knows much less than I.

Some Correct English Walking Costumes Described.

MATTERS OF LATE FASHION

Our British Cousins Are Nothing if Not Assittive-They Have Cause Inc Self Congratulation.



HE London seeson is short, but brilliant, and while it lasts every moment to taken advantage of as far as the opportunities are afforded to display new gowns, topcosts and mil-

ing costumes have long been the models of neatness and serviceableness, if not always of becomingness, and fashion in every country has demanded English suits both for city and for tourist needs. While we are justly proud of being the pioneers in neat, useful and modest out of door garments, we feel that we have some right to claim that our evening loor gowns are quite as tasteful and handsome as any others. The only difference between ours and those of Paris or Berlin-and shall we say America?-is that we seek to adapt our gowns to our own peculiar type, which requires some divergence from set rules.

With us the low cut evening dress is

really almost one of the articles of faith for women with clustering gray locks down to the grandchild at her knee. The rest of our gowns, however, are as high in the neck as our chins will allow, and t was the English who set the style of high collars so universally admired.

Just now the Row is full of early car-

riages, and some of the hats, wraps and gowns are bewildering, in that no one can tell from what century they have been evolved. But this much can be said—there are wide Gainsborough hats of shirred velvet, black, prune or dark green, and all are overwhelmed with rich ostrich plumes, drooping almost in

a natural state, scarcely curled at all.

Besides the Gainsborough the next favorite is the turban in one of its legion of varieties, as it is the next most becom-ing to the British physiognomy; then the poke, with its yellow velvet jonquils, its primroses, its tulips or convolvuli, standing stiffly up and nodding in a friendly manner. The flowers are gen-erally natural size and as near the natural shade and color as possible. The rib-bous are exact reproductions of those in vogue 100 years ago. Young ladies while out of doors, even

in carriages, wear their tailor made gowns of serge, cloth, tweed or cheviot' with every detail plain to severity, but all of immaculate neatness and perfec-tion of finish. The French call us raide, but it suits us better than anything else. No young lady wears a gown in the street to touch the pavement.

Married ladies can wear long garments either in or out doors, and two such are sent herewith to show what they are when from the best houses. One is wide wale bengaline, black, cut princess shape, the front opening over a black velvet inset. The bengaline is cut away at the bottom and bordered with a band of black ostrich. Above that is an ap-plique of black velvet, bordered with cut jet beads. The sleeves are of the same materials, the forearm having the wales of the bengalize up and down. The whole is buttoned with fine cut jet buttons. A black velvet turban has a small jet ornament.

The other has the skirt of novelty cloth broche in black and puce. It is a bell skirt and has a row of moss trimming. The eleeves and yoke are of the same material, while the blouse is of same material, while the blouse is of puce colored cloth bordered with moss trimming. The hat is black felt, with Alsatian bow of novelty ribbon surrounded by two black feathers and caprey plume. These two promenade costumes are in the highest style and are favorites, but that of bengaline would be considered too sumptuous for even a very young married woman, and neither would do for a girl, though by shortening the train the blouse costume might.



ENGLISH WALKING COSTUMES. For party dresses and dinner young girls in London wear nething but white or cream, baby blue of pale pink the Miss Delia Maloney is worthy foreman first season, and those of the simplest of District 48, Knights of Labor, in New. and most inexpensive material, and absolutely ro jewels. The second season and thereafter rather handsomer materials can be worn, and a few pearls or other youthful looking jewels. The

ars, white ties and cuffeedd to the be-

empire styles are not tery popular in England, though an occasional gown is seen, but always modified to a certain The new habits seen is Hyde park are a trifle longer than they have been and are sightly draped acress the front. They may now be in colles fawn, gray, dark blue, green, beliefrope, puce and drab, as well as black-but they are as A Correction. rigidly simple in cut and finish as ever the fromers are in some instances courses, and only reach the boot top where boots are worn. Stiff white col-

somingness of a habit. Hat or cap can se worn. Derby is most often som. In the way of spring scrape I fancy the popular taste is for the short cavaller in light stuff, lined with changeable silk, for young persons, and for the long redingote for eider ladies. Bloomes fit my tongoe's end a minute agol"-Chiwell to the figure and will have a share cage Tribune.

ON THE OTHER SIDE of popularity. Tailor gowns will all have short camiet cleaks of the sause state-MARY DERWENT

> WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS. Rand Powell, America's Girl Vieli Genius and Mard Work Both-

It must be a matter of price and ple

re to all women that America's gre est violinist is a woman, and a young weman not yet out of her twenties— Mand Powell, born in Peru, Illa. She is that rarest, sweetest gift of nature to mankind-a born musical genius. When she was 4 years old, she played the piano. At 8 years old she used to go home crying through the streets because the village boys guyed her as the girl who played the fiddle. But she did not give it up on that account. The story of her first public appearance at 9 years of age is peculiarly charming. She was at a summer picnic with her family and friends, and in an interval of the music asked the orchestra leader if she might take his violin and play something. He consented, as much amused as surprised at her audacity. Then, without a thought at her audacity. Then, without a thought that she was doing anything that drew attention to her, but with most delight-ful naivete and childish unconsciousness, she took the instrument and poured upon the air such strains of music that it drew a spellbound crowd about her. There was no suggestion of stage fright there, for the child knew nothing of that uneasy self consciousness which is the bane of all our lives, and which we ought to pray to be delivered from. The child's parents foresaw the marvelous future that lay before her and wisely gave her every advantage. She stud-ied in Europe several years, leaving nothing to chance or natural gifts, but pursuing a study drill which few men or women either would care to endure. When she was 18, that greatest of violinists, Joachim, who was her last teacher, frankly told her that neither he nor any other master could do more for her; that she was to be one of the masters herself. She must develop the rest in her own way by studying still and hear-ing all the good music she could. Since then she has been before the public constantly, playing always in the lead-ing orchestras of the country. It is very pleasant to read of a career in which there have been so few sorrowful drawbacks and so little discouraging waiting as in that of Mand Powell. But let not, therefore, others who do have aw-ful drawbacks and fearful struggle and waiting give up. Somewhere and some-how the reward will come. We may be sure of that, dead sure. So to the sad, tired workers, greeting, sympathy and

Mrs. Dow, the lady who owns and manages such large street car interests at Dover, N. H., is said to be not only the street car magnate, but also "a skilled housewife, a judicious mother, a good shot with gun and pistol, a fine swim-mer and the possessor of property worth \$200,000." Isn't that about enough for ne woman?

It is time our higher institutions of learning were opening their doors to women. It is indeed. Otherwise they would soon have no longer any distinguished students. The men college students of this day are distinguished for their hard kicking attainments in football, their proficiency in traveling negro minstrel performances and their tough arms in rowing matches. I have not heard in five years, that I now recall, of one young man college student of extraor-dinary promise in scientific or literary studies. Very well! Let the boys go on and kick high, throw hard and travel through the country shricking their col-lege yells. Meantime the girls will buc-kle down to work and fulfill the real college purpose, stealing from the boys the honors the Longfellows, the Charles Sumners and the Phillips Brookses used to win. We women are not complaining any. Why should we?

The hand that holds the purse strings is the hand that rules the world. Mrs. Julia Brown is Boston's first

woman undertaker. The anticrinoline league of Great Britain has already nearly 8,000 women pledged not to wear the monstrous steel hooped skirt, no matter though it be-come the fashion twice over. We talk considerably about woman's emancipation in our time. To my mind a crucial test of that emancipation will be wom-an's willingness to put herself inside the frightful iron cage that incased the sex 80 years ago. The steel hoopskirt is thoroughly ugly and inconvenient. It is also dangerous. Many were the acci-dents that be fell women in the days when it was worn. They caught their beels in it and tripped upon their faces. In several instances girls working in factories were caught by their crinoline and drawn into machinery and ground to death. If women consent to wear that frightful, ugly skirt again, I shall have my opinions of them; that's all.

The noble strength that comes to us from attempting and carrying through difficult enterprises is the best part of our reward.

In all your wrestling with the world, the flesh and the devil, never cease struggling onward toward the sweet, lofty ideal of truth, sincerity and purity. The absolutely sincere, just person guins a power over mankind that sneaks and the underhanded never can acquire with all

York city. ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Couldn't Remember.

A good brother who recently offered a prayer at a prayer meeting started to make reference to Noah, but got a little finstered and forgot the name of the patriarch. After betnming and hawing for a few moments he turned to a neighbor and asked in a loud whisper, "Who was it built the ark? - New York Trib-

Mrs Muscavado-The Newriches are people who don't know who their grand-Mrs Rockell Oh, yes, they do, but

And He down the Trunk a Licking. Where is that postage stamp?" grambled Wipedunks, seeling his letter and looking impatiently among the papers scattered about the table. "I had it at

they hope that no one else does.-Har-

Society Stops Short-For Forty Flights



of the sun-Lent brings rest to the tired votary of fashion-

Kirk's American Family Soap

brings daily rest to those who know and make use of its unequalled qualities; those who have once used it are never satisfied with any other.

Dusky Diamond Tar Soap cures and prevents chapping.

Colds

Wounds

POND'S EXTRACT

Piles.

Catarrh

Bruises.

Sprains Chilblains

Lameness

Hoarseness Backache

Rheumatism Sore Throat

Hemorrhages

Inflammation AVOID SUBSTITUTES

SENUINE WASE ONLY BY POND'S EXTRACT CO., and LONDON

HOLIDAY GOODS.

IN LARGE VARIETIES. We cordially ask you to inspect | DO YOU KNOW

our goods.

89 Monroe Street.

Complete Manhood

and how to attain it.

At last a medical work that falls the causes, sorther the effects, points the remedy. This ariestifically the most valuable, artistically emous beautiful, medical book that has appaired for venns; of pages, every page backles in the fact a freedom in tiert. Some of the fact a breaked in Network Debuilty, Begin lary, Startifity, Development, Variancele, The school, Those intending biaryings, etc. or man who, would know the giant fracts, the plain facts, the old service, and the new securement of medical wienes as appoint to arrive life, who would arous for pass follows at a sould future prifails, should write for the and avoid future profails, should write for the wonderful little broke. It will be sent free ander van. Address the publishers. Eric Marken Co., Foliolo, N. V.

AVE You Houses for Rent? - AVE You Stock to Sell? AVE You Money to Loan? TRY THE

PROPLE READ IT DAILY.

STUDLEY & BARCLAY



This is the place to purchase your Muchin Sore Eyes | tosh, and you will do well if you look at our large and complete stock before the spring trade opens.

Kure That Kauf!

DO YOU KNOW

That Dr. Webster's Cough Balsam is guarantees and is a positive remody?

DO YOU KNOW Thus Dr. Webster's Court Balesm to efficience for the relief of all throat

DO YOU KNOW That Dr. Webster's Couch Selection

prescribed by the best ubysicians for couges, couds, asthma bronching and

That Dr. Weinger's Court Palence is salvation for weak tudys and should be used early before the ortical has got too

strong a build on you? DO YOU KNOW That Dr. Webster's Cough Balsain costs

PECK'S DRUG STORE



PHYSICIANS. J. H. BACHELER, M. D., CANCER SPECIALIST

R. D. MILTON GREENE,

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT New Kenduli touch, upp Soldiers Menument Office House to to to a collect was free tage by appointment foundary in this in Tale phone of Al adies II, realesses \$1.

EMMETT WELCH, 1). PRACTICE LIMITED. NOSE, THROAT, EYE AND EAR

GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN. OR THE HEALTHY.

Cont better, 25 houses and 260 1908. FOR THE SICK.

francise mediation. Songers and through Caracter a sport sire. Fig. M. TEENDORL of Southeast virence Office House-2 to H about to a Indudage 5 pt 20